my fault, really it was not. There was an Ameri-
can girl staying here, a very pretty girl, and you
know she admired Rupert Brooke's poetry ever so
much. She bothered and bothered me until I
showed her the book, and then she wanted me to
give her his signature. Well, of course, I *couldn't.*
But—oh, it was *dreadful!*—she got hold of it and
she tore out the Rupert ! Whatever could I do ?
I felt such a *fool.* But there it is—his own writing
—Brooke, 26. Wasn't he *young ?* "

Perhaps it is foolish to like the story so much.
But it is typical of Tahiti, so like Pare, so character-
istic of young ladies ! I suppose that somewhere
in America is a photograph of Brooke with Rupert
in the usual place of signature. And I photo-
graphed the page of the book, for it looked to me,
as so much that is associated with him, and as his
friends in Tahiti, shortly to be " blown about the
winds of the world/'

As for the "lost Gauguins" for which Rupert
Brooke came to hunt, Tetuanui told

me that he heard of a painted door in a house near Papeete and tramped miles to unearth it. But on arrival he found that the native had already exchanged it for a beautiful new door which was triumphantly